This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

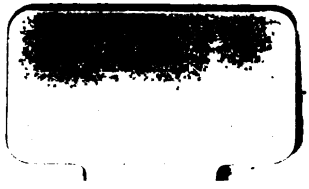
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600042010D

33.

45.



THE RENEGADE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

RENEGADE;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE REV. B. T. H. COLE, A.M.

RECTOR OF WARBLETON, SUSSEX.

Spirat adhuc Amor.—Hor.

London:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1833.

4.5.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

TO THE MEMORY

OF

A BELOVED WIFE,

AND OF

A MOTHER,

THE PIOUS INSTRUCTRESS OF MY BOYHOOD,

THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH,

AND

THE FRIEND OF MY EARLY MANHOOD,

B. T. H. C.

9th Oct. 1832.

CONTENTS.

Page

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO I. 5

Notes 125.

CANTO II. 49

Notes 138.

CANTO III. 85

Notes 141.

MINOR POEMS.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE "ARTISTS' FUND," 1813 . . 147

ENIGMA 151

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM . 153

SEQUEL TO MR. BAYLEY'S "ISLE OF BEAUTY" 156

THE SABBATH 158

ON HEARING MUSIC 160

Page

ON DEATH 162

TO E. M. B. 164

LA CHASSE 165

LINES WRITTEN AT NEWNHAM . . 168

TO THE FLOWER OF THE GUMCISTUS . 170

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

In the year 1722, Hussein, the fourth Shah of Persia in lineal descent from Abbas the Great, was dethroned by Mahmood, a chief of the Affghan tribes, who had been for many years subjects of the Persian empire. Tahmasp Meerza, one of the sons of Hussein, made his escape from Isfahan; and from the period of his father's abdication, assumed the title of Shah. Mahmood was succeeded in 1725 by his cousin Ashraff; and in 1729 Shah Tahmasp, having assembled an army, attacked Ashraff, in the hope of recovering the throne of Persia. The following Poem commences at the period when the hostile armies are in sight of each other. In the Notes authorities are given for all the historical facts to which any allusion is made.

The period of time occupied by the action of the poem is forty-eight hours. The scene is laid either in the haram and gardens of the palace at Isfahan, or in the mountains which separate Khuzistan and Irak.

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE winds are hush'd on Rustan's steep, (1)
And leaf, and herb, and flow'ret sleep;
On high, the jewelry of light
Are glistering on the brow of Night,
All deeply and with restless glow
Reflected in the lake below.
Can mortal beauty, grace, or power
Add influence to this tranquil hour,
Illumed by fires which burn sublime,
Whose glory mocks the waste of Time,
Each fix'd, Eternity's pure gem,
In Night's resplendent diadem?

Yet not to Man untamed and wild,
Creation's heir, but Passion's child,
Can e'en this scene of bliss and rest,
Hope's nurse in Meditation's breast,
Its loveliness of peace impart
To calm the fever of the heart,
The bursting pulse which Bigot Zeal,
Love, Hate, Revenge, Ambition feel.
Skies, rich of tint, whose deepest blue
Our Northern summers never knew,
O'ercircle many a race and name
Whose law is lust, whose brain is flame,
And things of living light appear
To smile on deeds we weep to hear. (2)

II.

E'en now where yonder torrent flows
The stealthy tread of warriors rose!
Eluding deadliest foe, the throng
Of Iran's myriads silently (3)
By cliff and forest wind along,
Led by Arabia's chivalry.

For not to Iran's sons alone
That bold and high emprize is known;
There Kurd and Turkoman combine;
There Russ and Georgian swell the line;
Those too in hallow'd Sinde who lave,
And those who drink of Tigris' wave,
And who in Yemen or Moultan (4)
Watch for the loitering caravan;
Weary or prodigal of life,
Who love the carnage and the strife;
Who, robbers from their earliest breath,
Sell their good sword for wounds and death.
Tartar and Bactrian there unite,
Whose van are Murder and Affright;
Whose lifted blade is foeman's doom,
Whose quiver is an open tomb; (5)
All gathering to that motley band
Who, fierce of heart and swift of hand,
Back to the throne of Abbas bring
Iran's lost chiefs, her Prince and King.

III.

Seven times have April's sun and shower
Fill'd Earth's green lap with bud and flower,
Since Hussein bow'd to Affghan's sway, ([6])
Sold empire for Life's little day,
Took meanly what a rebel gave,
And earn'd the fate he dared not brave. ([7])
War, Famine, Pest, and wasting Feud ([8])
Had warrior, peer, and prince subdued;
Yet, Abbas, in thy race we find
Some gleamings of the unconquer'd mind:
For while his sire in Mahmood's tent
A wretched suppliant sued and bent,
High-soul'd and brave, where Ashraff lay
Shah Tahmasp boldly forced his way, ([9])
Swept through the portals, arm'd with fate,
Of Isfahan's beleaguer'd gate;
Fierce as the stifling Simoom's breath,
Dealt terror round, and blight, and death;
Through foes the hills of Kaket gain'd,
And midst their cliffs exulting reign'd.

IV.

Wild was the rout; and nobly free
The flower of Iran's chivalry,
When Tahmasp miss'd in full career
Hassan, his pride, his kingdom's heir.
'Twere vain to turn, though wheeling steed
Be swifter than the lightning's speed:
Yet twice his panting troop he stay'd,
Twice headlong charged with reeking blade;
Thousands on thousands throng the plain:
Affection, valour, skill are vain.

Hath Hassan sped? that shout from foes
Tells where their squadrons round him close;
There, where midst battle's direst yell
His wounded courser floundering fell;
Nor aught but Achib's single might
Was near to shield him in the fight.
Strike, Achib, strike! 'tis well: that blow
Hath laid no vulgar warrior low;

He faints, he reels, he bites the ground;
And Hassan lives by Selim's wound.
They flee! at sight of Selim dead
From Achib's sole rebuke they fled!
Again at Ashraff's voice they turn;
With shame and indignation burn;
Form round the chiefs an iron band,
Distract their might on every hand,
Then with the tides of war o'erwhelm;
Till like crazed vessels, tempest-tost,
No longer answering to the helm,
Their bilging keels on breakers lost,
Those chieftains sink 'neath battle's wave;
Condemn'd with morn to glut the grave.

V.

Can man in all his pride of power
Claim empire o'er one fleeting hour?
Vain boast! when midnight shed from high
The calm and silence of repose,

Near Hassan's couch, a word, a sigh,
From female lips unconscious rose,
Broke his light sleep with feverish breath,
And woke him from his dream of death.
" Rise, Prince," she said; " behold a friend;
" With fleetest steeds your guides attend:
" Nay, question not; none Mahmood's hate
" Outlive, and Ashraff's word is fate.
" Oh think no scorn! your forfeit life,
" Your youth, your bearing in the strife,
" Your name, of every tongue the theme,
" Have made me—what I blush to seem!
" Farewell! from toil and danger free,
" One thought to memory, and to me!"

" One thought, dear maid? ah no! these eyes
" Will seek that form till memory dies;
" For me thy hopes, thy cares employ;
" Who part in peril, meet in joy."

Haste, or neglect, or maiden pride,
Or chance, had slipp'd her veil aside,
As young Zulema, Ashraff's child,
Elate in conscious beauty smiled.
Of fourteen summers was her cheek,
Unruffled yet by tear or sigh,
While Fancy's gayest visions speak
Exulting in her joyous eye.
Not Achib's self could gaze unmoved;
What wonder then that Hassan loved?
What wonder, when from Iran's land
The exiles sought a barbarous strand,
That Hassan's wreath, and gage, and lay
Of fond remembrance found their way,
Where lonely in the haram's bowers
Zulema chid the lingering hours.

VI.

But who shall say for rescued foes
The storm in Mahmood's breast which rose?

He little reck'd that by his sword
The captive sons of Hussein fell; ([10])
Not long survived one Persian lord
The tale of hell and death to tell. ([11])
From crime to crime insatiate driven,
Suspicious, restless, unforgiven,
In Affghan blood, abhorr'd, accurst,
The jealous tyrant slaked his thirst;
Slew half his kingdom's bold compeers
To drown in deeper guilt his fears;
Till, conscience-struck, in Terror's hour,
Grovelling at Superstition's power,
Vainly with impious rites he sought
To quench the burning flame of thought:
Thus reft of peace, absorb'd in woe,
Dreading in every face a foe,
Renounced of Heaven, by Man defied,
A frenzied maniac Mahmood died. ([12])
That loathed sight e'en slavery spurns,
When tyrant dust to dust returns!

No friend to soothe, no hope to cheer;
No son to drop Affection's tear,
His crimes by virtues to efface,
Or swell the triumphs of his race.
The dying lord of Iran's throne,
Mahmood was childless and alone;
No care of state his chiefs detain'd,
Save, who should reign, where Mahmood reign'd.

VII.

Ere yet the Despot's spirit fled,
His crown was placed on Ashraff's head; ([13])
Whose Affghans hail with one acclaim
His open hand and heart of flame.
Such roving tribes know no appeal
From force, no title but their steel;
And best a generous chief obey,
Who cheers, and slips them on their prey.

Hassan, the while, though far removed,
Look'd proudly to the land he loved;

Plied every art which tends to raise
In Tahmasp's breast Ambition's blaze;
Foster'd the flame with Achib's breath,
And urged to empire or to death.
At first in whispers short and low
Few spoke of Ashraff's mustering foe;
Then bruited far o'er hill and vale,
Stranger and Persian, spread the tale;
Till gathering Rumour, bolder grown,
To peer from peasant, reach'd the throne.
Ashraff derided, as in sport,
Each baseless vapour of report;
Boundless his scorn, till tidings ran
That through the plains of Khuzistan ([14])
Cohort and legion march'd, to claim
The kingly crown in Tahmasp's name.
At Danger's call then Ashraff woke,
From his long dream of safety broke;
Meanly a base revenge pursued,
His hands in Hussein's blood imbrued, ([15])

And seized on Rustan's terraced height,
Expectant of the morrow's fight.

VIII.

To-morrow! — ay, to-morrow! in that word,
That little word, what mighty moments dwell!
Its note of good or evil who hath heard?
What tongue of mortal can its issues tell?
Late as in clouds he set, the orb of day
Disdain'd to pour unblench'd his golden flood;
In thick and crimson stains he pass'd away,
Darkly portentous of to-morrow's blood.
What bodes it, Ashraff? Oft that orb of light,
Unmark'd by him, more sullen set hath made;
If stain'd and lurid now he sink to night,
Shall Ashraff's glories darken into shade?
Away, ye shadows! Morn to him shall bring
Life in its beam, fresh glory on its wing;
Omens and glooms of evening but relate
To Tahmasp's ruin, and to Hassan's fate.

Man! reckless man! still fond to turn aside,
Who speaks from high, thy prompter, and thy guide:
E'en now a voice, which none but Ashraff hears,
Low, but unquestion'd, whispers to thy fears;
A shapeless form, by none but Ashraff seen,
Beckons where clouds and darkness intervene;
While dim and indistinct athwart the gloom
Flit the stern shades, which haunt Dishonour's tomb.

IX.

Where Tahmasp camp'd his martial train,
A thousand fires illume the plain:
But not, where beacon-lights ascend,
On Tahmasp now his guards attend;
Nor there intrench'd doth Hassan wait
The dawning of an empire's fate.
There Seyd alone his post maintains;
There, lest Suspicion's eagle eye,
O'er Earth and Heaven while Starlight reigns,
The absence of their host descry,

Signal and watchword oft are pass'd;
Oft, too, at intervals a blast
Breathed from the low and mellow horn,
The mountain's summit upward borne,
Or sped where Rest and Silence dwell,
Wakes echo from her rocky cell.
Repeated oft, the Turkish drum,
And Preparation's busy hum,
And Moorish flute, and Indian gong,
Their varied notes of war prolong,
Which falling upon Ashraff's ear
His labouring breast mislead and cheer.

X.

While Ashraff boasts with dawn of day
To rush like torrent on his prey,
The royal host their march pursue,
Where scarce a star salutes their view,
Midst cliffs, from whose o'erhanging brow
The beetling ruin, headlong sent,

Of all who darkly toil below
Were death, and grave, and monument.
Secure and proud in Achib's care
They boldly tempt that desperate way;
What peril would not monarch dare,
If Achib marshal his array?
Chieftain and man alike confide
In Achib, as unfailing guide;
Victor where'er his standard flew,
Though who, and whence, they scarcely knew.

XI.

To Hussein's court, in search of fame,
From Othman regions Achib came.
Of Moslem faith; that truth avow
His oath, his charge, his turban'd brow;
Though bigots of the mosque, 'tis said,
Reviled him as a Renegade.
Italian born, his infant eyes
First open'd upon Roman skies:

But Achib's head and heart disdain'd
A soil where Lust and Rapine reign'd.
Degenerate Rome, alike subdued
In heart and hand, in will and power,
And sway'd by Superstition's brood,
Pawn'd empire for a wanton's bower.
Hence Achib, stung by priestly guile
Whose mockeries Earth and Heaven belie,
Saw not through pageants which defile
Truth's simple, chaste sublimity;
But deeming all alike deceit,
All modes of faith a priestly cheat,
In Eastern climes he sought to hide
The vain regrets of Roman pride;
Abjured a faith he never felt,
In Moslem fanes as Moslem knelt;
Where'er the Prophet's sign was known,
Reap'd a rich harvest of renown
Midst flashing steel and burning levin,
And lost—he cared not what—in Heaven.

XII.

His were the tumult of the brain, the throes
Ambition feels, indignant at repose;
His, too, the thought which broods on better days,
When Virtue, Freedom, barter'd life for praise;
Oft when in youth, by headlong passions driven,
The bark of Reason from its anchor brake,
'Twas rashness quickly spent, and soon forgiven;
A burst of madness, fitful as the wind
Smiting with sudden gust the palsied lake, ([16])
Which leaves a ripple and a calm behind.
Those hours are past; and with those hours is sped,
Those happiest hours, the sanguine morn of youth;
Too soon the visions of the soul are fled;
Too soon must Fancy yield to chilling Truth.
Dried are the sources of his kindliest tears,
The fountain of his eye hath ceased to flow,
And all which social life to man endears
Is blight of heart, and bitterness, and woe.

XIII.

Yet while the noblest tenants of the mind
Forsake the soil, with scarce a flower behind,
Ambition, Avarice, Lust of Power, remain;
Thy minions, Pleasure; Havock's wasting train.
He covets not the charm of Cynthia's ray,
To guide or cheer the pilgrim on his way;
Rather the Lightning's blast and lurid glare,
To gild awhile the darkness of despair,
Or blaze a comet through those scathed domains
Where Sorrow broods, and Desolation reigns.

XIV.

Hark! 'tis the rush of waters! white
With foam, quick-gleaming through the night,
From cliff to cliff they leap; their sound
Rings through the valley, while with many a bound,
Repelling and repell'd, they force
Their passage: mingled in their course

Lie rock, and shatter'd trunk, and tree ([17])
Uprooted but unbroken, by the wave
Wedged in, where meeting torrents rave;
Till either current, wild and free,
Flow in one channel angerly.
Scarr'd precipice on either side
Hangs o'er the swoln and straiten'd tide
With scarce a ledge for man to tread:
Yet here, even here, the war-horse led,
  Hoodwink'd and guarded, follows slow;
Though sounds so strange inflict a dread
  He knew not when he met the foe.
Through fields of spirit-stirring strife
To him the trumpet's blast was life;
But now the rush of waves unseen,
More solemn made by Night's serene,
Strikes home with more bewildering tone
Than clash of arms or dying groan,
Where plain or desert-sands afford
Traverse and tilt-room for his lord.

XV.

Such was the path, so steep, so wild,
On which no Sun hath ever smiled
Save in the zenith of his course,
Where Shah and Chieftain, man and horse,
By glimmering stars' uncertain light
Pursue their way the livelong night.
Forests of pine increase the gloom,
Dark, sad, and silent as the tomb.
But when their bands with ceaseless toil
Have climb'd to reach a rockier soil,
Ascending to the mountain's peak
When near its close their march is sped,
Thin blade and stunted growth bespeak
A sharper clime, an iron bed.

XVI.

From all that fierce and motley throng
Complaint or grief was none preferr'd;
Untired, unscathed, they march'd along;
None idly passed the whisper'd word.

Yet one, who, lured by Ashraff's gold,
Had Monarch, Faith, and Country sold—
One caitiff, mark'd by Achib's eye,
As round the jutting crag he crept,
And sought to climb, where wild and high
The birch in lonely starlight wept—
One only caitiff shunn'd, too late,
The horrors of a traitor's fate.
The Spahis seized him, as he clung,
Where naked roots the path o'erhung;
Gagg'd him, ere faintest cry express
His heart's concentred bitterness.
Close swathed in his own turban's fold,
At Achib's hest, his limbs they roll'd;
And held him shivering, where the spray
Mark'd, far and deep, the torrent's way.
At Achib's signal, down he fell
Where steam'd the waters' mimic hell:
From rock to rock his body tost,
A hundred fathoms sunk, was lost;

While bursting bands gave passage free
To one last shriek of agony.
Ah, wretch! to think thy traitor's heart
Could hide its baseness, and depart!
Or hope from Achib mercy shown!
Who faith with him could break, and live?
When ever yet was Achib known
To pause, to falter, to forgive?

XVII.

Unhappy Achib! o'er thy infant face
No Mother hung, each dawning charm to trace;
No Mother's care thy infant rage repress'd,
Or hail'd affection springing in thy breast;
No Mother led thy feet to Virtue's shrine,
And won thy heart by mingling tears with thine.
The earliest tones which fall on Childhood's ear
For thee were harsh, repulsive, and severe;
And she, whose influence can alone supply
The love which trembles in a Mother's eye,

Religion's self, had no delights for thee,
Cold as her farce of Idol-mummery.

XVIII.

What then is Achib? from his country driven,
The scoff of fools and pity of the good,
Outcast of Earth, unreconciled of Heaven;
Doom'd to the heart's consuming solitude
Which feeds upon itself, with guilt imbued;
Sworn to strange faith, in Moslem's garb array'd,
Yet cursed with doubts which fearfully intrude;
Frank, Exile, Giaour, Betrayer, and Betray'd,
And all those names in one—The Renegade.

XIX.

Yet oft upon his mind would memory steal
Of scenes which once endear'd his native shore,
Some yearnings of the heart in woe or weal,
For grove and stream he must behold no more.

E'en then in silence, as he led the train
Of warriors toiling up that desperate way,
Came fresh and full upon his soul the strain
Of Rome's indignant sons, who day by day
Repeat, and re-repeat, the melancholy lay.

XX.

ROMAN STRAIN.

1.

Rome! Rome! thou art no longer Rome![18]
Thy bird in ages past
In every climate claim'd a home,
And flew on every blast.
Now o'er thy nobles' manly form
The priestly garb is spread:
Thou cop'st no longer with the storm;
Thy pride of arms is dead.

2.

Where Liberty's reviving eye
Flash'd o'er a Cæsar's fate,

The broken-shafted columns lie
Which graced a Cæsar's gate.
Where fanes and palaces have been,
The fox hath made his lair;
The owlet mocks with note obscene
Thy shield and blunted spear.

3.

Thy Dames have meted out their smiles,
And set to sale their charms;
Beauty is cheated of her wiles,
And Love forswears his arms.
Land of the brave! thy sons were free,
Thy daughters once were true;
But now to Freedom and to thee
A long, a last adieu!

XXI.

Their van hath gain'd the mountain's peak,
As Morn with ruddy glow
Begins the Eastern clouds to streak:
While o'er the mountain's snow

Rich tints of gold and purple play,
The heralds of resplendent day.
Fresh beams of interlacing light
Pervade the bosom of the night;
And Phosphor's host of feebler ray
Are fading one by one away;
Till he, the brightest and the last,
As mist and shade are scattering fast,
And fuller blaze those Eastern fires,
Faints, glimmers, trembles, and expires.

XXII.

Bursting from clouds and night behold
Eternal Allah's throne of gold,
Emblem and seat of purest light!
Like giant glorying in his might, (19)
The bridegroom comes, in summer's pride
Elate through Heaven's blue vault to ride;
And, pain and woe to darkness hurl'd,
He gladdens with his smile a world.

From attaghan and spear his rays
Quick-glancing with reflected blaze,
Are caught and multiplied afar
From housing, belt, and scimitar;
Mantle and vest of Tyrian dye,
And silver crescent sparkling high,
And jewell'd turban, catch the gleam;
Till, pour'd in one redundant stream,
All Nature to her budding breast
Welcomes the long-expected guest,
And hill, vale, fountain, grove, and lake,
Fell, forest, flood, at once awake.

XXIII.

" Hail, fount of glory! type of Him, whose sway
" Earth, ocean, skies, and worlds on worlds obey;
" And Thou, at whose behest yon rolling sphere
" With fruit and blossom swells the circling year,
" Eternal Allah! source of power divine!
" Light Thou our hearts, and in our bosoms shine;

Where millions leagued might fail to force,
If Ashraff waver not, their course.
The word is pass'd, the signal given;
Soldier and chieftain, man and steed,
From mound and trench and terrace driven,
Lingering, and with unwilling speed,
Descend in sight of foes the path
Which circling leads from Rustan's throne;
Yet upward sent in speechless wrath
Is many a scowl, and smile, and frown
Of stern defiance, undismay'd;
And spear, and attaghan, and blade
Upraised of thirsty scimitar,
Shake fury and revenge and war
At those, whose scoff and haughty eye
Flout their retiring chivalry.

XXVI.

What means from high that piercing note
Which trembles on the gale?

Whence do those solemn numbers float,
Far echoing through the vale?
That piercing note from Tahmasp bears
Defiance to his foes:
That strain, which speaks severer cares,
From Ashraff's trumpet flows.
Sullen and tuned to woe, at first
It seem'd his flight to mourn,
Till o'er the cliffs with warlike burst
A prouder blast is borne.

Trumpet blast.

Dark flow'd thy waters, Zenderud, ([21])
By Timour dyed with blood;
But darker still, O Zenderud,
Shall run thy crimson'd flood.
To curdle with that clotted dye,
O Zenderud, be thine!
With eagle shout of victory
To rend thy shores, be mine!

XXVII.

Farewell awhile to Ashraff! and farewell
The clangour of that trump, which wakes in man
The storm and furies of contending hell!
Thou Despot's readiest minister; thou ban
Of life and all life's blest realities!
Thou fruitful source of miseries and woe!
At whose appalling blast the charities
Which grapple soul to soul are snapp'd like tow:
Despair's last summons! ebbing Glory's knell!
Deathnote of falling empires, fare thee well!

XXVIII.

What rashness would the flood impede
Where mingling torrents flow?
With wearied man and jaded steed
Who thwart a flying foe?
Far other thoughts and scenes of joy
Achib's presumptuous mind employ.
What though to him, by treachery shown,
Hassan's whole course of love was known;

Yet when the Shah before their host
Demanded what might grace him most,
Emboldened by success, he cried,

"I ask Zulema for my bride.
"Vain, vain to me, the toys which gleam,
"The trifles of Ambition's dream!
"Vain pomp of place, midst perils sought,
"Which fondly seems in Passion's thought
"To raise the mortal to divine!
"A nobler, purer flame is mine.
"Hence! avarice, titles, worldly pride!
"I ask Zulema for my bride."

"If Iran's realm," the Shah replied,
"If Iran's realm contain a gem
"Richer than all her diamem,
"'Tis when free hand and will impart,
"Where most she loves, a woman's heart.
"That gem of price, of purest glow,
"On Achib shall his bride bestow:

" The chosen of thy soul be thine!
" And with Zulema's hand, be mine
" To give, whate'er of wealth and power
" A Monarch's gratitude can shower—
" Rank, titles, wide command, and fame;
" Bear witness, Chiefs—in Allah's name."

How little Tahmasp knew the hate
That royal promise must create!
How little knew the springs which moved,
The secret springs, by Achib's art;
Or ties which fix'd for ever loved
Zulema's form in Hassan's heart!
Yet by no burst of soul, unblest,
Was Hassan's sense of wrong exprest,
Though scorn, which prosperous guile inspires,
Burnt inward with intenser fires.
From Iran's Prince the richest mine
Had Achib's prowess cheaply paid;
But ne'er could Hassan's breast resign
For thousand thrones his dark-eyed maid.

When man and chief with toil opprest,
Each near his post, had courted rest,
In Spahi's garb he sought the plain;
Intent those peaceful glades to gain
Where Love might tell the tale of fear,
And haply win Zulema's ear.
Noted by him were wall and mound,
The Haram garden's sacred bound,
And well he hoped that wall to scale
Should favour, bribe, and promise fail.

XXIX.

Zulema at morn's primal hour
Look'd westward from the Haram's tower;
Keenly she scann'd the line of blue
Which sketch'd the peak of Rustan's throne,
While tears of love and fear bedew
Those eyes, which gaze and weep—alone.
A daughter weeps; for Ashraff's life
That daughter pours Affection's tear;

For Hassan's safety in the strife
His Ladye Love is rack'd with fear:
But faster would the teardrop flow,
More wildly heave that breast of snow,
Could she but think Zulema's charms
Were doom'd a prize to Achib's arms.
To her the brightest beam were gloom,
If lighting to a Father's fate;
Better be tenant of a tomb
Than guerdon to the thing we hate.

XXX.

And who to Hassan's gentle bosom dear
Could look on Achib's smile, nor own a fear;
That shudder of the mind which felt, not seen,
Flits scarce a moment o'er the brow's serene;
A ripple keenest glance can ne'er o'ertake,
Which stirs but once the bosom of the lake?
Hassan was gentle as the gentlest breeze,
Where fleeting shadows skim the Moon's pale light;

Unbending as the forest's stateliest trees,
When Honour urged, or Beauty crown'd the fight:
The lay, the lyre, his pride: he loved to read
The spangled skies, or count the planets' speed;
To people worlds with fancy ever new,
Then light up suns, and haunt the scenes she drew;
Trace where Heaven's finger wrought or footstep trod,
And hold, unblamed, high converse with his God.

XXXI.

Who talk of dulness? Not the few, who rise
From Earth's low cares to commune with the skies;
Not those, whose thirst of an undying name
Is fed in secret like the Vestal flame.
By grove or valley side, lull'd by the roar
Of tumbling waters, or on Ocean's shore,
Or basking in the summer blaze of noon
Midst thy unrivall'd beauties, Lauterbrun! (22)

Thy hills of turf, with many a crag between,
Thy wild-pines waving with eternal green;
The cot, the fold, the goats which upward browze,
The Jungfrau, conscious of untrodden snows— (23)
Snows which at eve reflect a rosier glow;
The sister-streams, which murmuring blend below;
The bosom'd knoll, the thicket's tangled side,
The scatter'd rocks which break the foaming tide,
The rustic bridge o'er either torrent thrown,
The native wild-notes of the goatherd's son;
The flood which leaps a river from on high,
Yet falls in dust; as if to cheat the eye
With glimpse of fairy's spell or wizard's dream,
Unkenn'd since Shakspeare slept by Avon's stream;—
Amidst these scenes to linger, and to dwell
On shapes creative Fancy loves too well,
More than the brave pursue or rich possess—
This, this is freedom, this is happiness:
The Spirit's jubilee beyond control,
The silence and the sabbath of the Soul.

XXXII.

Such Hassan was; and, foster'd in that breast,
Love dwelt the noblest as the purest guest.
Yes, his was love unstain'd and chaste as snows,
Whose wreaths of waste on Himmaleh repose, (24)
With fleecy bosoms to that Lord alone
Outspread, who wooes them from his burning throne:
Love, by no charm of form or face estranged,
In joy unchanging as by grief unchanged;
Fix'd to one hope, one magnet; seeking rest
From storm and tempest in one generous breast;
Dreaming or waking, present, absent, tost
On Life's broad wave, or midst its breakers lost,
'Neath Irak's mild, or Yemen's parching skies, (25)
Still drinking rapture from Zulema's eyes.

XXXIII.

1.

I too have loved; have gazed with fix'd delight
On the dark lustre of Affection's eye,
Till every sense was centred in that sight,
And Pleasure's pageant swept unheeded by.

2.

I, too, have loved; O Memory! this thy page
Death cannot disengrave, nor Time destroy;
Dear cherish'd impress of Life's happiest age,
Of mingled tears and rapture, doubt and joy.

3.

I, too, have loved; and thou, the loved one, thou
Hadst in thy heart of hearts a shrine for me,
Who pledged with thine Love's truest holiest vow,
Who saw not, heard not, breathed not, but for thee.

XXXIV.

Eternal Love! in Aden's bowers confest (36)
The first-born passion of the guiltless breast!

Thy spirit still survives; the troubled sea
Of moral tempests still hath gleams from thee;
One ray of thee still glimmers, still pervades
This land of glooms, this wilderness of shades;
Cherish'd by Him who gave and can destroy,
One spark still lightens, and is lit, with joy;
By Him who vanquish'd Hate, and broke the chain
Of Sin's dominion under Mercy's reign;
The Shepherd King, who left the realms above
Peace to proclaim, and teach a World to love;
Love, the pure breath of Man's immortal part,
The essence of the Godhead in the heart.

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

In Mirth's gay morn—midst Sorrow's gloom—
When life is verging to the tomb—
When clinging sickness wastes the form,
Or blasted hopes attest the storm,
Music can many a charm impart
To cheer, revive, or calm the heart.
If strain of pity aptly suit
The pensive warbling of the lute;
If note of joy be cheerlier found
Struck to the timbrel's silver sound;
Yet sweetest of the sweet to me,
In sorrow breathed or tuned to glee,

Moulded to melt, inflame, rejoice,
The thrilling charm of Woman's voice.

II.

That voice hath still'd the battle's strife;
Can reconcile the ills of life;
Appease the maniac's wildest mood;
  Glad the dull eye of Care;
Relax the murderer's thoughts, which brood
  On agonized despair;
Comfort the contrite sinner's heart
  With hope to be forgiven;
To Guilt devotion's balm impart,
  And raise the soul to Heaven.
Its tone is richer than the swell
Of Music from her inmost cell;
Its accents gentler than the dew
Whose drops the scorched bud renew;
Its inspiration and its mind
Warm, searching, holy, pure, refined;

Its sweetness every sweet above—
Nay! not so sweet as Woman's love.

III.

Where Isfahan's rich gardens bring
Their costliest tribute to the Spring,
When all but Pain and Grief repose,
At noon of night that voice arose,
While Hassan's pulse beat wildly free
In welcome of its melody.
The moonbeam on the mountain's brow
Lay calm and cold, like wreathed snow;
No sound perplex'd the ravish'd ear;
All Nature round was hush'd to hear;
When clear and full along the grove
Were borne Zulema's notes of love.

IV.

They charm no more; and with the lay
The waning Moon withdraws her ray;

Her light is quench'd, her reign is past;
Nor tower nor tree a shadow cast
Save softest line, from Beauty's pale (1)
And dewy star, which marks the vale
Where intermingling grove and fell
Oft break the mountain's shapely swell,
And proudly as their summits rise,
Sleep in the silence of the skies.

V.

Yes; at that mild, that lovely hour,
Made lovelier still by Music's power,
When not a leaf the night-breeze stirr'd,
Affection's voice hath Hassan heard.
Where o'er the basin's marble bed
Their pearls of dew the waters shed,
Awhile he listens, if again
Her hand or voice might wake the strain;
Then gently to Zulema's ear
He breathes the vow she leans to hear.

VI.

1.

The Moon is sunk; the Star of eve
Hath hung her silver lamp on high;
Cheerly their watch my comrades leave,
None, Lady, but thy lover nigh.

2.

Save that in yonder deepening glade
Whose covert leads to Beauty's bower,
Trilling high notes for love delay'd
The Bulbul wooes his favourite flower. (2)

3.

Lady, behold surcharged with dew
The rose her graceful head incline;
Ere he his melody renew,
Thou, Lady, bend an ear to mine.

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

VIII.

Blest art, by Fay or Peri taught! (4)
Unfetter'd interchange of thought!
Love's pledge and spell, whose flowers impart
The hope and memory of the heart.
When Pride or Avarice far remove
Hearts sever'd here, yet join'd above,
Though Grief intrude where Love hath been,
And wild and ocean intervene,
Disposed by thee, may blush of rose
Unblamed a maiden's fears disclose;
By thee pale pink midst violets speak
Seclusion's daily-fading cheek;
While one blue flower, the missive of regret,
Shall softly whisper—never to forget!

IX.

The light from Beauty's star, which faintly falls
Upon the Haram's cold and silent walls,
Like Zephyr's breath, on every flower which blows,
A softer, milder, deeper tint bestows.

Oh, more than mortal loveliness! delight
Dearer than aught the gauds of day can give!
Now, free to range, the Spirit wings her flight;
Now Passion sleeps; Devotion, Virtue, live.
Sooth is your influence, full your sway, ye Hours!
And suited to your stillness the lone song
Of midnight's wakeful bird, who 'midst these bowers
Doth through the year his melody prolong.
I love you still! and still when Autumn's eve
Hath quench'd the twilight lingering in the West,
Nightly the lore of heartless man I leave
To gaze upon the Islands of the Blest.
Nightly I court your scenes of bliss! I feel
Through every vein that melting softness steal,
The first which Friendship's flame or Love impart
When the slow poison creeps o'er all the heart.

X.

Blazed not the pride of Hassan's eye,
Rose not the rapture of his sigh,

To hail that wealth whose tints reveal
What Beauty must unsought conceal?
Ah, breathes there one neglected flower
By Hassan's kisses unimprest?
One bud of bloom from Camdeo's bower
Which Hassan clasps not to his breast?
Hassan, what sweets with these to vie
From Yemen's groves can Summer shed?
For thee they bloom—for thee to die—
Zulema dress'd their graceful bed.
Short though their date, their form how weak!
For her and thee their powers combine;
To thee her tenderest thoughts they speak,
Present her very soul to thine.

XI.

—Hark! what murmur from the glade
Bids echo faintly wake?
Whose steps beneath the plane-trees' shade
The midnight silence break?

It cannot be! some parent-bird
The covert of her brood hath stirr'd,
And lightly springing from unrest
Scatter'd the blossoms o'er her nest.
That sound again! the startled hare
Perchance was bounding from her lair,
As Zephyr's frolic pinion shed
The dewdrops o'er her vacant bed.
An air, a breath, the gentlest breeze
Which scarcely stirs the rustling trees,
A lover's fears can idly raise,
And bid suspicion's embers blaze.
Hassan alarm'd with eager haste
The wreath hath in his bosom placed;
On sabre's hilt his hand is laid,
And half unsheathed its glittering blade.
Turn, Prince; behold a stranger move
Athwart the gloom of yonder grove;
There where scarce gleams the broken light
Through clustering foliage steep'd in night—

Light, now his shadowy form revealing,
Now shewing half—and half concealing.

XII.

Hither he tends; beneath the shade
Of yonder arch he cross'd the glade—
He gains the low and tangled bower
Hard by the night-bird's ruin'd tower—
Now passing slope and terrace' height,
Full and distinct he meets the sight.
The mantle folded round his head,
Looks like the robe which wraps the dead!
That mantle shrouds a mailed vest
To shield a living warrior's breast;
The pistols in that studded belt
Full rudely Achib's foe hath felt;
And chiefs, who never since awoke,
Have slept beneath that sabre's stroke.
Well Hassan knows that lordly eye,
Skill'd to repel, command, defy,
In peril, onslaught, victory.

XIII.

Few words are best when foes engage,
And sharp the utterance mark'd by rage.
" Yet," Achib cried, " yet once again
" We meet, though not on battle plain.
" Well suit this secrecy and night
" With guile, which shrinks from warrior's might!
" But Abbas' race are light of word;
" Swifter to sheathe, than flesh their sword;
" And princely were the faith, betray'd
" For midnight triumphs o'er a maid!"
Hassan indignant scorns reply,
While beams exulting from his eye
The pride of war and minstrelsy.
Each rival's blade at foeman's crest
Is urged, or pointed at his breast:
The big drops bathe each labouring brow,
Thrust answering thrust, and blow for blow,
For each assails his direst foe;
No parley, truce, or pause for breath,
Till one or both shall gasp in death.

The tiger on his hunter springing,
The ravening wolf with famine wild,
A mother, when the knell is ringing
Which mourns her dearest loveliest child,
Not half their keen distraction prove,
Whose brain is hate, whose heart is love.

XIV.

Their strife hath reach'd the Haram tower;
Far be such strife from lady's bower,
Which solitary fair hath taught
To echo none but Passion's thought!
Thought cherish'd deep, but unexprest,
And buried still within her breast,
Could maiden deem Affection's tone
Breathed to one bosom—but her own.
Hark to those bolts! scarce heard afar,
The Haram's postern they unbar!
They come—the step of feeble haste
Hath slope and winding alley traced;

Panting and thick, the breath of fear
Salutes each rival chieftain's ear,
When blade of interposing brand
Trembles in Oglou's aged hand.
" Hold, chiefs!" he cried; " your madd'ning hate
" To both is blindly fraught with fate;
" Ashraff exacts your forfeit breath;
" Delay within these bounds is death."
As floods which slight obstructions stay,
Swell with fresh rage to force their way,
Fret, roar, leap forth, and bursting wide
The barrier, lash to foam their tide;
So Achib's feverish pulses glow;
So rushes Hassan on his foe;
Each madly wrought by passion's flood
To fiercer, wilder thirst of blood.

XV.

'Twere vain to say whose skill or might
May triumph in that equal fight.

To each his art; each knows alike
To parry, thrust, disarm, or strike;
Each how with mantle's fold to meet
The quick, short blow which bars retreat;
Yet Achib's broader frame, by age
Season'd to stand the battle's rage,
Is fix'd his foe's assault to brave
As the cliff stems the ocean's wave;
While Hassan's light and supple form
Like bending pine eludes the storm.
Their flow of rage hath reach'd its height,
When Oglou mingles in the fight.
Oglou was wont each joy and care
Of Hassan's infancy to share;
He ruled the guard when Hussein sway'd,
And now Zulema's nod obey'd.
His brand, though weak and wide its blow,
Distracts the might of Hassan's foe;
For smallest grain affects the scales
Where neither balanced weight prevails.

Thus harass'd, vex'd, by foes opprest,
No chance of aid, escape, or rest,
Achib retreating gasps for breath,
Yet combats still, and parries death.
Then first, when strength and prowess fail,
Revenge and baffled hate prevail;
That flash from his uplifted arm—
That pistol's flash hath spread alarm,
While rampart, grove, and tower around
Reverberate its unwelcome sound.

XVI.

The ball flew idly, save to bring
To Hassan's scorn a keener sting,
And Hassan, rushing in his might,
Was headlong borne on Achib's flight;
When Oglou, clinging to his vest,
With frantic haste the Prince address'd:
"Hear me," he cried; "one moment hear!
"I neither feel nor counsel fear;

" Or strike! let manhood's might destroy
" These feeble arms which nursed the boy.
" Hark to the low and muffled drum!
" See through yon porch the Affghans come!
" They pause—that shout directs their way;
" 'Tis Achib cheers them on their prey;
" Stay not, my Prince! this secret key,
" Zulema's charge, was sent for thee."

XVII.

Could Achib flee, whose single might
So oft hath stemm'd the tide of fight?
Not for the coward's slavish dread—
More vengeful to return, he fled.
Insensate both of heart and brain,
He comes with bloodhounds in his train,
The stamp of treason on his face,
And burning with his own disgrace.
Dagger and brand with light are beaming
From many a torch around him streaming;

And red, when hurl'd in Allah's ire,
As is the noontide lightning's fire,
With ruddier glare those torches play,
Whose balefires flash unreal day.
Thus Hassan in the hunter's snare,
Like lion rousing from his lair,
Disdainful, slow, with sullen tread,
Heedless where aged Oglou led,
Since forced his vengeance to forego,
Leaves unchastised his deadliest foe.

XVIII.

The basin's southern edge they pass'd (5)
Where rose the solid Mustâbee;
Whose rich mosaic's symmetry,
Wet with the spray its fountain cast,
Shone in the starlight brilliantly.
They pass'd the Haram's arch'd alcove, (6)
Whose stuccoed roof with gilding bright
Surmounted many a pictured grove,
The scene of revel and delight:

And ever round their path the gale
Scatter'd profusely from its wing
Such odours, as o'er Yemen's vale
The jasmine and alcanna fling
From petal pale or cluster'd flowers,
Perfume and pride of Arab bowers.

XIX.

Near and more near the tumult came,
As through the Kaah's spacious hall, (7)
While Hassan burn'd with pulse of flame,
They trod the marble attabee.
Once ere they reach'd the pillar'd wall
Whose pannel sprung to secret key,
Once Hassan waved his brand on high,
Resolved to strike and nobly die;
But, ever on the watch, Oglou
His arm around the hero threw,
Repress'd the rising throb of shame,
And softly breathed Zulema's name.

XX.

The sounds die faintly on their ear
As bar and bolt the passage close:
No star is seen, no lamp is there;
Through lattice high no gleams appear;
Above, around, in earth and air,
Are darkness and repose.
A narrow, steep, and winding stair
Led to the roof alone;
Whose corridor was search'd with care,
Till Oglou press'd the spring aside,
Which sudden to their dazzled sight
Disclosed the Haram's blaze of light;
Within whose curtain'd entrance shone
That Haram's pearl of pride:
Surprise and joy awhile arrest
The wish which rose in Hassan's breast,
When to her harp's melodious strings
This Arab strain Zulema sings.

XXI.

ARAB SONG.

1.

Haste, hither haste!—the dappled steed
Is burning for the chace;
Who love to hurl the light jereed, (8)
Or bid the hunter's battle bleed,
Be foremost in the race.

2.

Haste, hither haste!—the morning gray
Dawns sweetly o'er the sea;
Sleep on, who can; who list, delay;
But ah! how dear the blush of day
To those who watch, like me.

3.

Haste, hither haste!—the Arab maid
Lets slip the fallow deer;
His vows the Arab Chief hath paid,
His troop already quit the glade—
And Love alone is here.

XXII.

Can modell'd bust one gleam of spirit give
To show where Fancy, Taste, and Feeling live?
Can Painting's finest, subtlest touch supply
The soul which lightens from Affection's eye?
Her shades of life with moral truth invest?
Express one doubt which flutters in the breast?
If Art be weak, how vain are words to tell
In Beauty's glance what mind, what graces dwell,
To Youth's ripe lip persuasion's smile impart,
And ere a sigh be wafted, win the heart.

XXIII.

A moment Hassan paused, o'erjoy'd to view
Those charms, so long estranged, yet even dear,
While the strain, dying now, now raised anew,
Prolong'd the trance, nor woke his listless ear.
Its tones are hush'd; he drops his useless brand,
Trembling with hope, he seeks Zulema's side;
He pleads—he sues—he takes her yielded hand—
He gently, fondly, hails her as his bride.

She sees not, hears not, breathes not; motionless
She stands, the speechless statue of distress—
Full on the floor was fix'd her sightless eye,
When her harp's silver chord o'erstraining broke;
Then deeply heaved her bosom with the sigh,
Then all the softness of her soul awoke!
Yet still she speaks not! more than words can give,
The quivering lip, clasp'd hand, convulsive start,
And falling tear which says at last, "I live,"
Insure thy welcome, Hassan, to her heart.

XXIV.

"Best, loveliest, dearest! turn Zulema, see
"Thy more than lover, brother, friend in me!
"Dismiss those fears all-eloquent, which speak
"Expressive welcome from thy changeful cheek;
"Thy Hassan sues; unchanged, unhurt, through foes
"He comes to claim thee, though a world oppose;
"Oh! may the heart which swells that gentle breast
"Persuade those lips to show him—he is blest."
A greeting fonder than her tremors show
Not Hassan's self could hope, or ask to know;

So full the joy her blush, her sigh, confess—
He gazed, and gazed, and could not wish them less:
At last her lips those struggling fears control,
And faintly breathe the utterance of her soul.
" These tears," she said, " this hand, that wreath, combine
" To tell, perhaps too fondly, I am thine.
" Yet urge me not; upon to-morrow's strife
" Are staked a Father's and a Lover's life;
" Poise either scale; the vast, the fatal doom
" In this be empire, and in that a tomb,
" Dread Allah's bolt, where'er his thunders roll,
" Drives home the iron to Zulema's soul.
" Oh, spare him, Hassan! midst the battle's rage
" Shouldst thou with Ashraff hand to hand engage,
" I charge thee, spare him! By our hope of bliss—
" Oh, by these tears—by this first virgin kiss,
" Thrice bless'd and hallow'd in a Father's cause—
" Meet where ye may, I charge thee, Hassan, pause!
" Fierce though he be, as Passion's minion wild,
" Thy own Zulema is that Ashraff's child."

XXV.

While beats the heart, and Truth and Nature reign,
Can Woman, lovely Woman, plead in vain?
Pure, warm, resistless flows Affection's tear,
In joy to greet us, and in grief to cheer:
Precious the balm the plighted kiss bestows
To hail our transports, or to soothe our woes.
Mixt in Religion's panoply, combine
Love's holiest kiss, and Mercy's tear divine;
This blots the record, bids the convict live;
That seals the best of triumphs—to forgive.
And still, when Passion's burning kiss supplies
The withering flame in which Devotion dies,
Still be that fount to quench its furies near
Whence springs unfailing the repentant tear.
Thou too, when through the last eternal gate,
Unfriended, naked, poor, and desolate,
Humbled and contrite, from the shadowy night
Of death the Spirit heavenward wings its flight,
All-gracious Judge, the sinner's fear dismiss,
Wash with a tear, and seal him with a kiss.

XXVI.

What lingering years our dream of hope employ!
How few the moments peace allows to joy!
Scarce met, short greeting past, and that too broken
By dread of others' hate, of others' woe,
What countless thoughts hath rapture left unspoken,
How oft resolved to part, yet could not go;
The gossip Morn, light peering o'er the steep,
Hath early beckon'd to the tell-tale Sun,
That Love, still caution'd, still returns to weep,
To vow, embrace, remain, and be undone.

XXVII.

Rash and unthinking, hear ye not the tread
Of swift intrusion on the marble floor?
Observe ye not the pass, which lately led
To joy and safety through that curtain'd door?
The portal opens; 'tis, alas! too late—
Ashraff appears! his hundred Mutes attend;
A hundred Spahis on his bidding wait,
And at his nod a hundred blades descend.

Yon curtain shakes—and see where through its skreen
Stern Achib comes; has Death a pang more keen,
A wound more biting than a rival's eye,
By which the victim cannot hope unseen
Apart to suffer, and unmark'd to die?

XXVIII.

"And com'st thou here," the Prince indignant cried,
"Thou worse than traitor to thy Shah's behest,
"The fall of Abbas' lineage to deride,
"And point the secret steel at Hassan's breast?
"But think not at thy bidding, slave,
"The blood of Iran's Prince shall flow—
"Should Hassan sink into the grave
"To glut so false, so mean a foe?"
He seized the brand himself had brought,
Unmark'd at Achib's feet which lay,
And swifter than the glance of thought
He rose—he sprung to slay—

" Quick! quick! your eye upon the foe!"
The ready Mutes arrest the blow;
And Hassan's brand with harsh rebound
In shiver'd fragments strew'd the ground.
Though Hassan's gaze might bow with fear
The boldest heart in presence there;
Though Iran's Prince from slave might claim
The homage due to Despot's name;
None question Ashraff's proud behest
In act, by sign, or look;
While thus from Achib's swelling breast
The taunt of triumph broke.

XXIX.

" Lo! this is he for chambering revels known,
" Who claims the guerdon earn'd at Rustan's throne!
" The Prince, who Tahmasp's royal word belies,
" Who plays the bravo in a slave's disguise,
" And meanly steals from blood and toils away
" To foil by night the conquests of the day.

" Well may the Minstrel's hand, the Spahi's sword,
" Win the soft dame, yet quail to meet her lord;
" But know, unprincely as thou art, to me
" Is plight the hand a Monarch wrests from thee;
" Back on thy sire his vaunted gift I fling,
" More prized from one, her Father and thy King."—

" Miscreant, beware and tremble!" Hassan cried,
" Short is thy triumph, vain thy plume of pride;
" If flush'd with transport Ashraff hail the deed,
" Who love the treason, bid the traitor bleed:
" A rebel's faith is lighter than a breath,
" And treachery's highest guerdon lures to death.
" What though the partner of thy guilt consign
" The hand to thee, the spotless heart is mine;
" And Allah's vengeance finds thee, sure if slow;
" The rebel to his King is Allah's foe.
" Traitor and fool! thy utmost wrath I brave,
" And on thy recreant forehead brand thee Slave."

XXX.

Impatience sits on Ashraff's brow
As through the lattice broadly gleam
Successive still with deeper glow
Morn's earliest blush and ruddiest beam:
Doubt's madd'ning pulse, the frown of hate,
The hope, the joy for vengeance nigh,
Attest the spirit's keen debate,
Or flash in lightning from his eye.
Should Hassan fall by Achib's hand,
(And Love would sharpen rival's brand,)
That deed stains Achib with a crime
Not sorrow could atone, nor time;
Bars all retreat, and with the blow
Stamps him the Shah's eternal foe.
Urged by such thoughts, in Achib's ear
He drops the counsel of his fear:
"This ring is warrant for the deed;
"For lighter cause might monarch bleed:
"No pause! our annals can attest,
"In blood—swift hand and sure, is best."

His signet-ring to Achib's zeal,
Warrant of Hassan's fate, he gives:
When Day shall slope his downward wheel,
Who dare to hope that Hassan lives?

XXXI.

Though half that charge was unexprest,
Part whisper'd, part by sign convey'd;
Zulema's love hath solved the rest,
And thousand fears her breast invade.
At Ashraff's feet behold her bending,
Clouded her eye, and pale her cheek;
The grief her o'erfraught bosom rending,
Forbids awhile her tongue to speak:
Till thus, at intervals of woe,
In broken tones her accents flow:
" My Father!—in that sacred name
" Thy pardon, pity, love I claim.
" And oh! by her, whose milk I drew,
" The Bride thy youthful fondness knew,

" Her child and thine from madness save!—
" Or give—the last of boons—a grave.
" Nay, spurn me not!—whate'er betide,
" I ask not to be Hassan's bride!
" But from the murderer's poniard shield!
" A prince should die in Glory's field.
" Oh! spare the life I prize next thine—
" And take—so Achib wed not—mine.
" Forbid it Affghan Pride! thy race
" Should know a Renegade's embrace;
" Obey the Christian's call to bliss,
" And shrink—and shudder—at his kiss!"

Ashraff's whole frame with passion shook,
While thus with hurried tone he spoke:
" Hence, child of wilfulness! away!
" Rule what he will, choose whom he may,
" A father's title is, to sway:
" 'Tis thine, to hearken and obey.
" We Moslems little reck of birth;
" And Convert's faith weighs more than worth.

" Thy Mother? ay, bethink thee well,
" What duteous will that name can tell.
" Her life from all offence was free;
" She never gave me grief—save thee.
" His treason's price, without delay,
" Thy princely paramour shall pay:
" Yet, ere he part, 'twere gall to know
" Thy future husband in his foe.
" By Achib's arm his fate be dealt;
" More rudely so, more keenly felt;
" That arm, which soon with conquest red,
" Shall woo thee, love, to Achib's bed."

Thus taunted, scorn'd, repell'd, denied,
No more Zulema bends the knee,
But firm in conscious Virtue's pride
Rises in simple majesty.
She sues—she prays—to man no more—
That weakness of her soul is o'er:
She sues—she prays—to Allah's throne:
That prayer for Hassan's life is flown;

One glance her eye to Hassan cast;
She breathes one sigh—she looks her last.
The heart which loves with faith and truth,
The warm, the generous pulse of youth,
May break to hear the parting knell—
But must not, cannot say—farewell!

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE RENEGADE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Rise, Warriors, rise! The livelong night,
From cliff to cliff, whose toppling height
Binds in as with a chain the bed
Where Zenderud's pent stream is fed
By struggling torrents, foam and spray
Scattering in thunder on their way—
The livelong night, above the roar
Of floods conflicting on that shore,
Is heard the clank of iron riven,
Of clamp and wedge and rivet driven;
And with no mortal voices blending,
The sluggish stroke of sledge descending,

And curse, and blasphemy, and shout,
The Babel of that hellish rout,
Whose myriads, rushing from the hall
Of Eblis at their master's call, (1)
Pile rock on rock, where many a rood
The abyss of waters, unsubdued,
Roars, frets, and boils with the rebound,
And scatters mist and darkness round.
Hark! to those wild, unhallow'd cries!
Sons of the brave, arise! arise!

II.

For many a league the goatherd hears,
And starting from his slumbers, fears
Awhile; he wakes to sleep no more;
Such echoes never shook that shore
Whose cliffs, with blasted pine o'ergrown,
Salute with short and hollow moan
The eddying night-wind. Peeping forth
Into the chambers of the North,

He surely thinks to see some form
Of Demon riding on the storm.
All in yon azure Heaven is still;
The stars shine brightly on the hill,
Nor mist below, nor cloud on high,
Pervade the bosom of the sky.
Yet through that cliff-bound vale are sped
Unearthly sounds might wake the dead,
With ever and anon the yell
Of fiends broke loose from nether hell,
Which bids affright and horror rise
More strangely in the peasant's breast,
Contrasted with those clear blue skies,
Which breathe of joy, and peace, and rest.

III.

One half-hour's space ere morn begin
To light the dews which gem the ground,
More awful from that fiendish din,
Unbroken silence reigns around.

That note—the Death-trump's note of woe—
Summons avenging Allah's foe;
Citals of dread from Azrael sent (²)
The fate of perjured guilt proclaim,
While hill and vale with thunder rent
Resound with Achib's, Ashraff's name.
Then ever at that death-note's close
The laugh of mocking fiends arose,
Defiance, oath, despair, and cry
Of jest obscene and revelry;
And fierce and full with day begun
One last strange shout, "'tis done, 'tis done."

IV.

When slowly to the vale descending,
By Tahmasp led, his host defiled,
Those cries with roar of torrents blending,
Those cries so desolate and wild,
Smote on the soldier's heart of steel,
As if the day which bars appeal,

The day of fiends to ruin hurled,
Had dawn'd upon a sinful world.
'Tis stillness now; and o'er the steep
The eye of day begins to peep;
The mist which circled o'er the stream,
Is scattering in the morning's beam;
At last they thrid the gorge where foe,
In ambush set, revenge and woe
Might wreak upon their march, and stay
A kingdom from its destined way:
When through the eddying mist appear'd
One lone and mighty arch uprear'd,
Huge, black, misshapen; spanning wide
The Zenderud's contentious tide;
A mass of rocks! no hand of man
Could raise, no skill of mortal plan
That arch of fate: but in a night,
From set of sun to orient light,
The juggling fiend had wrought its spell,
And still 'tis named "the bridge of hell."

V.

Beyond that bridge a plain is spread
Emerging from the valley's head,
Where train'd to conflict, man and steed
Have practised oft the light jereed,
And now where millions in the strife
May strike at once for mastery:
Let Tahmasp pass that bridge, the life
Of Ashraff and his rebel band
Were pour'd as water on the strand.
Yet thousands ere that pass be won
May bleach beneath the noon-day sun,
The refuse of mortality;
And the full tide of Zenderud
Be curdling with a monarch's blood.

VI.

Tahmasp and Seyd before their host
Equipp'd for conflict ride;
Has Achib, too, redeem'd his boast
To guard the monarch's side?

Of all those thousands who can say
Where Achib, Hassan, brook delay?
'Tis whisper'd that when Evening cast
The mountain's faintest shadows round,
Hassan was question'd as he pass'd
From Rustan's terrace to the plain:
Nor at his post is Achib found;
But Achib's steed of dappled gray,
Well known, and noted by his train,
Had borne a chieftain on his way,
What time the troops on night relied
From Ashraff's scouts their march to hide;
And late and long the straiten'd road,
Where cliff protrudes with cliff to meet,
In silence while each warrior strode,
Rang with that courser's echoing feet.

VII.

Twice have the circling minutes told
That Morning's hour of dawn is fled,

Nor yet the toiling thousands hold
That 'bridge of hell' which spans the bed
Of falling Zenderud: haste! haste!
Your precious moments run to waste!
Horseman and foot are rushing on
Through the broad archway dimly seen;
Now up the gorge their power is gone,
With scarce an arrow-flight between.
Who midway first the arch shall gain?
What warrior first its path shall try?
Who mounts shall scarcely breathe again:
For first to tread, is first to die.

VIII.

They laugh at death; they reck not, they,
What cowards feel or dotards say;
At once a band from each array
Rush headlong forth; at once is dyed
With blood from each that spell-bound way:
And still men think who there abide

That he, who first from either part
Pour'd forth the life-blood of his heart
The keystone of that arch to stain,
A victim to the fiend was slain.
And oft as hurl'd from Irak's skies
The bolts of Heaven are scatter'd round,
While bellowing from her caves replies
With hidden fires the reeling ground,
'Tis said two shadowy forms, in cloud
And mist inwrapp'd, all night abide
On the scathed arch, and wailing loud
Swell with strange sounds the roaring tide.
They nightly thus above the deep
Howl with the storm, and watch and weep,
Till morn their robe of mist dispelling,
Invade with light their lonely dwelling,
When melting by degrees away,
They vanish with the risen day.

IX.

Now rushing onward face to face,
To fury wrought, the columns meet,
Till all that path and straiten'd space
Is closely throng'd with hostile feet.
Nor on that bridge alone upraised
Contention's bloody pennon flying,
While there unseen Hell's conclave gazed,
Urged on the living, cheer'd the dying:
From bend and nook of either shore
Their barbed hail the archers pour;
Pistol and matchlock, swift and sure,
Inflict the wound no leech can cure;
Dagger and lance and falchion's blade
The foeman's mailed breast invade,
And man and courser far and nigh
Assail to wound, or rush to die.

X.

Superior to the crowd who vied
With ceaseless rage in deeds of blood,

Ashraff unmoved, in Monarch's pride,
Where the arch midway spann'd the flood,
High o'er the struggling warriors shone:
The diamond crescent on his brow
Dilating with a brighter glow:
Fearless and calm he stood alone
In Empire's great eventful hour,
More by his scorn of peril known
Than that rich emblem of his power.
Keenly his eye o'er all he throws,
Marks where the conflict faints or grows,
Supports the weak, the harass'd cheers,
Cheats e'en the coward of his fears,
Shares every toil, with every tide
And blast of battle sweeps along,
From chief nor column turns aside,
And reigns the master of the throng.

XI.

Once to the spot where Ashraff stood
The royal Tahmasp urged his steed,

To prove a Monarch's title good,
Or nobly like a Monarch bleed.
But foot and squadron rushing by,
Forbade the chiefs to meet!
And "Achib! Achib!" was the cry,
"He comes! he comes!" and fleet
As desert-blast, a courser came
With hoof of thunder, mane of flame,
And, bursting onward, to the shore
His fenceless, unarm'd rider bore,
Through living hosts securely sped,
Trampling the dying and the dead.

XII.

That rider's head no turban graced,
No chained corslet arm'd his breast;
Nor mail nor greaves his limbs embraced;
Flowing his robe, and loose his vest.
His brow was furrow'd o'er by care,—
Care early proved and graven deep;

His eye was glazed with cold despair,
Which still might blaze, but could not weep.
Seem'd that some crime of recent stain,
Which fired the madness of his brain,
All hope of peace and Heaven o'erthrown,
Had hurried Reason from her throne.
The vengeful child of eastern clime,
Fierce as his suns, hath bathed in crime,
Nor own'd one added pain;
Achib in Christian fanes had knelt,
And pangs by Moslem never felt
Now rent his soul in twain.
In all their gnawing deadliest force
He proves thy agonies, Remorse!
For Soldier's honour, Monarch's trust,
Barter'd to sate revenge and lust;
For Prince, for Friend to tortures given,
For creed forsworn and outraged Heaven.
Unsaddled was his steed, the mane
His bridle, and his spur the rein;

Nor swerved he from the path which led
Where round their Chief the foremost bled ;
Ashraff alone he fiercely sought,
While with each glance of fever'd thought
Rage, hate, revenge around he dealt,
And look'd the furies which he felt.
" I have thee now," he cried ; " what might
" Shall rob the Demon of his right ?
" I have thee now, alive or dead !
" And Hell shall take, whom Hell hath bred."

XIII.

He halts ; he turns ; with countless haste
In Ashraff's neck he plants his arm,
While, by a giant's gripe embraced,
His victim writhes with agony :
Yet rallying from his first alarm,
The blood-gouts from his ear, mouth, eye,
Starting at once, he dashes high
The grasp which held him, and in turn
Seizes his foe :—now twined they ply

The sinews of their might: the one seems bent
With gripe of arm to vanquish; one, intent
From vantage of the steed to wrench his foe,
Then hurl him to the abyss which boils below.
They close—they wrestle—and they burn—
Till Achib, fix'd on slaughter, where the rock
Unriveted, unclamp'd, reel'd to the shock
Of writhing foes and steed, roll'd headlong o'er
At one mad plunge into the torrent's roar;
And chiefs, and horse, and massive fragment rent
From the curb'd surface of the battlement,
Dragg'd to destruction, deep beneath the foam
Of raving currents find a desperate home,
While more than battle's roar or rushing wave
Hoarse thunders peal their welcome to the grave.

XIV.

That shriek, as dash'd amidst the rock-bound tide,
Whose swell of waters laves his mangled side,
Torn, bruised, disjointed, streak'd with foam and blood,
The courser sinks, yet struggles with the flood;

That piercing shriek, so rarely heard, nor known
Save in wild Terror's wildest burst alone,
Made thousands quail with wonder and dismay,
And stay'd at once the business of the day.
Then man and steed in sight of either host
By flood and surge on eddying breakers toss'd,
Both swept to darkness, reft at once of breath,
Sink undistinguish'd in one watery death.
Thus, gaunt Ambition, all thy slaves shall bow!
Pride, which was Ashraff once, is nothing now!

XV.

Yet bruised and mangled, one disfigured form,
Borne by the driving fury of the storm,
At Tahmasp's feet upon the bank was cast,
Ere the Soul fled and Achib breathed his last.
He bows the head—he makes a feeble sign—
Can none the meaning of that beck divine?
Eastward he turns — he points to Char-Bagh's spires, (3)
And Hassan's name upon his lips expires

Half-lost, half-utter'd ; a convulsive gleam
Flits o'er his cheek, as Hope's unsettled dream
Ends in the sleep of death. He still would speak
Of Hassan's fate—he falters—life grows weak—
Cold clammy dews sit on him. " Tell, oh ! tell
" By word, by sign, by look, is Hassan well ?"
Cease, noble Tahmasp, cease the vain request !
'Tis past—those lips in livid silence rest;
At Hassan's name his wreck of life is o'er !
He groans—he shudders—he is man no more !

XVI.

How short our keenest passions last !
The tumult and the conflict past,
The Father's fears his pride destroy,
A Victor's pride, a Monarch's joy.
The chill which dying Achib shook,
His broken speech, his frenzied look,
With Hassan's absence, Ashraff's hate,
A thousand fantasies create,

His mind of lesser cares divest,
And rouse the Parent in his breast.
Can Tahmasp pause when Hassan's sigh,
His last, may tremble on the die?
Or linger, when one hour's delay
May fling his kingdom's hope away?

XVII.

"To horse! to horse!" A chosen train
Led by their Monarch sweep the plain;
And long ere setting sun hath shed
His beam upon the mountain's head—
Fit emblem of that crown on high
Which cheers of faith the mental eye,
Which vanish'd still with Error's night,
Is splendent with returning light,—
Through Isfahan's broad streets they ride:
The spur hath gored their coursers' side
Till blood and sweat in mingled tide
Run streaming, ere they reach the gate
Where Iran's monarchs hold their state.

XVIII.

How still, how desolate those halls,
Whose domes of gold and pictured walls
Once rang with feast, and mirth, and glee,
With song, and dance, and revelry;
Where oft the Bard in twilight's hour
Had breathed a soothing, sacred power,
Or charm'd lone midnight with his lay,
Or usher'd in delighted day.
The chambers now are bare and cold;
No lay is sung, no tale is told:
On Minstrel's skill no ladies smile,
No words of sooth his ear beguile;
No tear at strain of woe is shed;
No stolen glance from maiden sped,
Who, timid as the startled dove,
Is pale from absence, coy with love.

XIX.

Throughout those halls the Father's care,
Restless with doubt, sought Iran's heir;

And as he pass'd from room to room
Contrasting with their present gloom
That blaze of eyes, supremely bright,
Which once shed lustre on the night,
Came fresh with each remember'd joy
That form, where all affections blend,
Who nursed the child, inform'd the boy,
And graced his manhood with a friend:
The form of her who, borne afar,
The noblest prize of rebel war,
Still with the labours of the loom
Consoled perchance a captive's doom,
Bade warp and woof alternate show
The scene of death and regal woe,
Teaching the pictured web to tell
By Ashraff's steel how Hussein fell. (4)

XX.

What care-worn menial, bow'd with age,
Poor and dishevell'd, lingering nigh,

While thousand fears his mind engage,
Would fain attract the Monarch's eye?
Where'er he turns, her course she bends;
Where'er he treads, her steps repair;
Her steadfast gaze his will attends,
For Hope and Joy and Love are there.
Has Allah sent no secret sign,
No impulse of his spirit given,
No portion of the spark divine,
Pure, active, searching, warm from Heaven,
To warn the trembling soul that bliss
Beyond its hope or thought is nigh?
Suspense and doubt and fear dismiss,
And prompt Affection's inmost sigh?
Can struggling Nature brook delay
When all her cherish'd hopes invite,
Point to the dawn of happier day,
And chase the mists which cloud the light?
That menial's gaze, her aim unknown,
The Monarch seeks in vain to shun,

Till round his neck her arms are thrown—
" Tahmasp ! my Child ! my Son, my Son ! "(5)

XXI.

There spoke a Mother's rapture ; in one word
The hope of years of misery, hope deferr'd
Which maketh sick the heart. Slow down her cheek
The tear-drop roll'd ; Nature, unapt to speak,
Was apt in act ; she raised her head awhile,
Held him, and gazed at full : a mother's smile
Play'd round her lips, and shone beneath her tear ;
Again she clasp'd him, for her soul was there.
The Shah was soften'd ; weal or woe betide,
Kings are but men, and in their plume of pride
The gentler still the nobler. " Yes," he cried,
" My Mother ! oh, my Mother ! this delight
" Is more than thrones and triumphs to my sight ;
" Kingdoms are mean before thee ; for by thee
" I share that kingdom where man's soul is free ;

" To thee I owe whate'er of good or wise
" Hath fix'd my faith, or taught my hope to rise!
" Within me thought of all thy kindness burns,
" And all my boyhood, all my youth returns:
" Might but my love, as thine those earlier hours,
" Cheer Life's declining, latest path with flowers!"

XXII.

When Love had power to speak, and Joy's first glow
Was past, Kerumah told her tale of woe.
Soon as the fall of Iran's Shah was known,
When Affghan Mahmood seiz'd on Iran's throne,
Within that Haram where she wont to sway,
Disguised in haste, awhile conceal'd she lay;
For seven long years, unused contempt to brave,
Mother and Bride of Kings, she toil'd a Slave;
Saw Hussein stoop to calm a Tyrant's ire;
Heard Hussein's children and her own expire,
Without or strength to shield, or skill to save;
And still Remembrance broods upon their grave.

Yet hence one source of hope and bliss arose,
That Hassan lived to recompense her woes.
The chord she touch'd was strung to Misery's strain;
A chord which none could wake, or hear, in vain.
Back on her heart it roll'd its tones of grief,
Nor Talımasp's words nor looks afford relief;
Parent and Child one common care partake,
Thought, word, and act, employ'd for Hassan's sake;
Either to each fresh themes of dread convey,
As streams which mix, disturb their mutual way;
They send; they chide; they ask, though none can tell,
From one, from all, when, where, and what befel;
Alike impel the search whose end they dread,
And mourn the absent Hassan as the dead.

XXIII.

'Tis Night; and Hassan still is sought in vain.
Silence and Darkness o'er the city reign,
And through that pile, by man's capricious doom
A palace, dungeon—nay, perhaps a tomb—

Save where at intervals is faintly heard
The voice apart of short and whisper'd word
From persons wandering as in search, afraid
Lest quick Suspicion note them, and evade;
Or here and there a solitary torch
Flings its long glare on vestibule and porch;
Or flitting swiftly through deserted hall
Draws many an image from the pictured wall,
Which seem to live while dubious light is thrown,
But closely view'd are lifeless Art alone.
Perhaps Zulema—Love hath skill to save
When nought but Love could rescue—from the grave?
Vain hope! yet hope as vain extends its sway
Where not a joy prolongs its cheering ray;
And who so cold, so heartless, to divest
Of hope the fondness of a Father's breast?

XXIV.

Zulema came: her dark and sleepless eye,
Glassy and cold, was fix'd on vacancy;

As if beyond the ken of human sight
The soul could be itself its guide to light,
Or through the feeble sense which matter gives
Survey that world where nought but spirit lives.
Shall Tahmasp break that fixedness of mind?
That deathlike calm of feeling? that refined
Intensity of vision? wherefore? Thought
Like her's, which seem'd to feed on what it sought,
Absorb'd in self-deceit, too plainly tells
The wreck of bliss on which the spirit dwells;
Nor aught but Hassan's life and health could bring
Back from the dream of that wild wandering
Her, to whose listlessness all other voice
Than his had vainly, madly cried "rejoice;"
Waking each sense of feeling, ear, and eye
To pain, whose mental keenness cannot die.

XXV.

See, through the lattice on the gilded height
Of the rich ceiling flash'd the flambeau's light;

While from the Haram's court arose the hum
And tramp of horsemen, and " they come! they come!"
The glare grows stronger, more distinct the sound
Of tongues, and steps along the echoing ground;
Till through the Haram's chambers widely spread
Their blaze on high a hundred torches shed,
Nor shrinks Intrusion from the unguarded gate,
Though, ere that sun had set, the attempt were fate.
" What news? and whence? speak quickly; say, is aught,
" Report or proof, of Hassan's safety brought?"

" Most mighty Shah! as homeward from the fray
" Our troop of warriors slowly bent their way,
" By the sun's setting glories we descried
" A band of Affghans skirt the rampart's side,
" There, where the stream the public bath supplies, (6)
" Where Char-Bagh's domes and temples court the skies,

" Their garb, their line of march, alarm and flight
" Soon as our conquering banner met their sight,
" With fears for Royal Hassan quickly spread
" Throughout the field when Achib's spirit fled,
" All urged our zeal; they scattering strove to gain
" The city's gate, or scour'd across the plain,
" Till two alone remain'd: on either side
" These twain at height of speed a courser guide,
" Whose hapless rider, helpless and forlorn,
" Bow'd to their will, and at their bidding borne,
" Guarded and veil'd, had choice nor power to steer,
" But where they marshall'd sped his full career.
" On these we seized: yet none hath dared to raise
" The veil which skreens the captive from our gaze,
" Who, sad and silent, by mute signs hath pray'd
" That none his curtain'd solitude invade."
" Where lingers then your prisoner? hence, away!
" Produce him straight."—" To hear is to obey."

XXVI.

There is a doubt more keen, more painful still
Than surest deadliest certainty of ill;
A throbbing of the blood, whose rushing glow
Threatens to burst its channels and o'erflow;
A palsied fear, enfeebling heart and head,
Perception, judgment, will, discretion fled;
It sways all moods, that feverish doubt, but reigns
Supreme, unbridled, through the Lover's veins.
The Father's agony I paint not; nought
Could justly paint that impotence of thought;
The faintly glimmering hope, the doubt, the care,
Less fix'd than grief, more piercing than despair;
But the chill dread which on Zulema broke
As from the day-dream of the brain she woke,
While fierce and full the tides of Sorrow roll—
Who paints, hath felt it to his inmost soul.

XXVII.

He comes, but veil'd and speechless: who can tell
Beneath that thin disguise what passions dwell?
Who lift the veil, which hides perchance a foe,
Perchance a friend, distract with weight of woe?
Zulema wills, but dares not; all around
Are hush'd to wonder, breathless and profound.
At last the Father's trembling hand essays,
Nerveless and half-withdrawn, the veil to raise;
That groan, though faint and low as whisper'd sigh
On midnight breezes, thrill'd with agony!
The pang its tones of wretchedness impart,
Rolls back the life-blood on a Father's heart.

XXVIII.

" Oh, stay! my Sire; nor rashly rush on woes
" Whose lightest thought is death to thy repose!
" Hassan no more; a vile, a nameless thing,
" Lost to thy race, my Father and my King, (7)

" I drag a life which none but fiends should know,
" Nor aught but Madness wreak upon its foe.
" If day or night, I know not. Suns shall rise,
" But quench'd for me the glory of the skies:
" These lids no more the Moon's pale beam shall raise,
" Enlightening thought to muse on Allah's praise;
" For me those orbs, where matchless love display'd
" Sits throned in light, are darken'd into shade.
" Ev'n she, whose smile could fleeting hope delay
" And chase the wildness of despair away,
" No more to me delight and life shall bring,
" Like dew-drops glistening on the wreath of Spring.
" Thus lone and drear, I bow to His behest
" Who, when He smites in mercy, gives the best;
" Empire and fame without a sigh resign,
" For fame and empire still, my Sire, are thine;
" But might one hope, one lingering hope remain
" For him who darkling stoops to Sorrow's reign,
" By her—ah no! I must not, will not claim
" That first of blessings—in Zulema's name."

XXIX.

Back o'er his brow the folded veil he threw,
And still and sightless stood confest to view
Sunk were those lids whose lashes arch'd his gaze,
Or shaded once the brightness of its blaze;
Those lids of snow were to the socket glued,
With the crush'd eye-ball and with blood bedew'd;
Pale was his cheek, where Death's cold image shown
Seem'd as an eyeless bust of Parian stone.
Lo! this is he, whom Tahmasp's warm caress
So fondly sought; whom Beauty sigh'd to bless!
How late a Monarch's stay, an Empire's pride!
The Father gazed, and shuddering turn'd aside;
Nature had sicken'd, nor that sight could bear—
His pride, his joys, his hopes, had perish'd there.

More loud the grief, and wild the bitter cry
Which spoke Kerumah's burst of agony:
She rush'd to clasp him—him whose infant tongue
Lisp'd its first sounds to notes herself had sung;

She stops—her knees, with age and sorrow bent,
Belie the wish and mock the fond intent—
Tottering she falls, ere measured half the space
Which parts that loved one from her warm embrace.

XXX.

Then ran there indistinct yet deep, not loud,
A short and hurried murmur through the crowd,
A sympathy of grief, whose outward show
Mourns for the moment, and forgets its woe.
Not so Zulema. Woman, fond to ride
On Joy's rich flood, and revel with the tide,
Shares every grief when streams of Sorrow flow,
Nay, more than shares, engrosses all our woe.
She seeks, that loved one seeks, awhile to stay
Her bursting grief; then gives the passion way;
A moment—yet a moment—now 'tis past—
That wild convulsive sob shall be the last.
'Tis Nature's weakness, and her Woman's fear
For Hassan conquers all; all but the tear,

The silent tear he sees not. Fixt on him
Her gaze, and strung to firmness every limb,
Calm, slow, determined, to his side she stole,
And thus relieved the fulness of her soul:
" And think'st thou then the Maid, thy pride of power
" Had graced, would leave thee in Affliction's hour?
" This plighted hand—its pulse beats full and free,
" Or if it tremble, trembles but for thee!
" This plighted hand—believe not I repine—
" For good or ill, in life or death, is thine.
" When dreams of what thou wast, and still hadst been,
" Intrude on Fancy's wild and troubled scene,
" This voice, Zulema's voice, shall soothe thy woes,
" Zulema's arm shall cradle thy repose,
" Zulema's love shall every loss atone,
" Her breast thy pillow, and her heart thy throne."
One hand was twined in Hassan's; one, half-closed,
With gentlest pressure on his arm reposed;

She kneels: her eye upraised with tearful gleam,
Seeks—what in Hassan ne'er again shall beam!
Faint with suspense, with love and grief opprest,
Her sinking form is clasp'd to Hassan's breast.

NOTES

TO

THE RENEGADE.

THE RENEGADE.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

(1) The wind is hush'd on Rustan's steep.

Stanza I. *line* 1.

One of the range of mountains which divides Irak from Khuzistan, is called the terrace-form'd mountain, and also Rustan's hill or throne.

(2) To smile on deeds we weep to hear.

Stanza I. *line* 26.

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done? *Lord Byron.*

(3) Of Iran's myriads silently.

Stanza II. *line* 4.

Iran or Eiran is the proper name for Persia.

([4]) And who in Yemen or Moultan.

Stanza II. *line* 15.

Yemen is the principal province of Arabia Felix; Moultan is a province, principally a sandy desert, lying on the frontiers of India.

([5]) Whose quiver as an open tomb.

Stanza II. *line* 24.

Their quiver is as an open sepulchre.

Jeremiah, c. v. ver. 16.

([6]) Since Hussein bow'd to Affghan's sway,
Sold Empire for life's little day, &c.

Stanza III. *lines* 3, 4.

Shah Hussein was the fourth Shah in lineal descent from Abbas the Great. He was besieged in Isfahan, the capital of Persia, by Mahmood, at the head of the Affghan tribes, who were subject to Persia, and who inhabit the mountainous tract between Khorassan and the Indus. On the twenty-third of October, 1722, having abdicated the crown, he repaired with a small train of followers to the Affghan camp.

(7) And earn'd the fate he dared not brave.

Stanza III. *line* 6.

Hussein reached the centre of the room before the haughty Affghan rose to receive him. Hussein immediately addressed him in these words: "Son, since the great Sovereign of the Universe "does not will that I should reign any longer, and "the moment has come which he has appointed "for thy ascending the throne of Persia, I resign "the empire to thee. May thy reign be pros-"perous!" After this speech he took the Toorâh, or royal plume of feathers, from his turban, and gave it to the Vizier of Mahmood: but that prince refused to accept it from any other than the monarch to whom it belonged. The meek Hussein rose, took it from the minister; and while his arrogant enemy remained in his seat, he placed the rich emblem of royal power in his turban, and exclaimed, "Reign in peace!"

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

(8) War, Famine, Pest, and wasting Feud
Had warrior, peer, and prince subdued.

Stanza III. *lines* 7, 8.

During the siege of Isfahan, a small loaf of coarse

bread sold for four gold mohurs, (eight pounds,) and the flesh of asses was esteemed a dainty. Though the Persians abhor dogs as unclean, they ate greedily of them as long as they were to be obtained. After these supplies were gone, they fed upon the leaves and barks of trees, and on leather, which they softened by boiling: and when this sad resource was exhausted, they began to devour human flesh. Men, with their eyes sunk, their countenances livid, and their bodies feeble and emaciated with hunger, were seen in crowds, endeavouring to protract a wretched existence by cutting pieces from the bodies of those who had lately expired. In many instances citizens slew each other; and parents murdered their children, to furnish the horrid meal. Some poisoned themselves and family, to escape the guilt of preserving life by such means. The streets, the squares, the royal gardens, were covered with carcases, and the river Zainderood was so corrupted with dead bodies, that it was hardly possible to drink its waters.

These evils were increased by the cruelty of the Affghans, who put to death, without distinction

of age or sex, all who tried to escape from this scene of calamity.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

(9) Shah Tahmasp greatly forced his way, &c.

Stanza III. *line* 14.

Tahmasp Meerza, the son of Hussein, effected his escape from Isfahan, by forcing the post which was defended by Ashraff, the cousin of Mahmood. From the day of his father's imprisonment, he assumed the state and title of Shah, and was acknowledged by the Ruler of Kaket, a province to the North-east of Telfis, the capital of Georgia.

(10) He little reck'd, that by his sword
The captive sons of Hussein fell.

Stanza VI. *lines* 3, 4.

Mahmood, upon a false report that Suffer Meerza had escaped from Isfahan, issued a fatal mandate to destroy all the males of the royal family of Persia, except Shah Hussein. These victims were assembled in one of the courts of the palace; and the tyrant, attended by two or three favourites, commenced with his own sabre the horrid massacre. Thirty-nine princes of the blood were murdered

upon this dreadful occasion. Two of the youngest sons of Hussein fled to their father for protection. He sheltered them in his arms; but Mahmood advanced, with fury demanded their blood, and struck at one of them with his dagger. The arm of Hussein received the wound; and the Affghan prince, savage as he was, could not but shrink with horror at seeing the blood of a monarch whom he had been accustomed to behold and treat with reverence. This occurrence checked his rage, and he spared the children.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

([11]) Not long survived one Persian lord
The tale of hell and death to tell.

Stanza VI. *lines* 5, 6.

Mahmood, fearing an insurrection at Isfahan, invited all the Persian ministers and lords, except one or two, to a feast. About three hundred went; and the signal was given for their massacre: not one escaped: the tyrant even refused mercy to a youth of twelve years of age, who had been adopted by one of the principal Affghan chiefs, to whom he fled for protection.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

([12]) A frenzied maniac Mahmood died.

Stanza VI. *line* 20.

The reason of Mahmood was completely unsettled by his crimes; and after performing for many days some superstitious rites, which exhausted his strength, he died in a state of the most dreadful insanity.

([13]) His crown was placed on Ashraff's head.

Stanza VII. *line* 2.

Ashraff ascended the throne on the twenty-second of April 1725, having been elected before Mahmood's actual decease.

([14]) That through the plains of Khuzistan
Cohort and legion march'd to claim
The kingly crown in Tahmasp's name.

Stanza VII. *lines* 24, 25, 26.

Khuzistan is bounded on the North by mountains, one of which is called Rustan's hill or throne. The conflict between Tahmasp and Ashraff was decided in the autumn of the year 1729; seven years after the dethroning of Shah Hussein by Mahmood, as is mentioned in the beginning of the third Stanza of this Canto.

NOTES

TO

THE RENEGADE.

rious simile of the rising sun in the Psalms—'He cometh as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.'"

(20) The headlong Zenderud amain
Flings from the mountain to the plain.
Stanza XXV. *lines* 5, 6.

Isfahan, the holy city of the Persians, is strongly fortified, and washed by the river Zainderood or Zenderud, which rises in the mountains of Khuzistan and Irak.

(21) Dark flow'd thy waters, Zenderud,
By Timour dyed with blood.
Stanza XXVI. *lines* 13, 14.

After the surrender of Isfahan to Timour, the citizens rose in the night, and slew nearly three thousand of the Tartars, who had been quartered upon them. After this massacre they closed the gates; but the walls were stormed, and Timour commanded that each soldier should bring him a certain number of heads. It was found impossible to compute all the slain; but an account was taken of seventy thousand heads heaped in pyramids, which were raised as monuments of savage revenge.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

(22) Midst thy unrivall'd beauties, Lauterburn!

Stanza XXXI. *line* 8.

In my opinion, the vale of Lauterburn surpasses the celebrated valley of Chamouny in beauty. The two streams are the Lutschenen, and the Lutschenen blanche, which, passing severally through the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterburn, unite at the village of Wilderschwyl, and flow in one stream to Untersen. At their confluence is a rising knoll, from which all the objects mentioned in this description are visible, except the cascade of the Staubbach, which falls nine hundred feet perpendicularly, and reaches the valley in spray, like fine dust; to which circumstance its owes its German name.

(23) The Jungfrau, conscious of untrodden snows.

Stanza XXXI. *line* 12.

This mountain was ascended for the first time, as I have since heard, by Mr. Auldjo, in the Autumn of the year 1829.

(24) Whose wreaths of waste on Himmaleh repose.

Stanza XXXII. *line* 4.

Himmaleh, in Sanscrit, signifies snowy; and one peak of this vast range of mountains, the northern

boundary of India, seen from Patna, is computed to be more than twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

(25) 'Neath Irak's mild or Yemen's parching skies.
Stanza XXXII. *line* 13.

The climate of the province of Irak, in which the city of Isfahan stands, is reckoned to be the finest in the world. In illustration of this, the following anecdote is related in Sir John's Malcolm's History of Persia. A Persian merchant, a great traveller, was residing at Delhi; and being asked by the Emperor of India which he thought the best spot in the world, he answered, without hesitation, "my own house."—"Your own house!" exclaimed the Emperor, disappointed at not receiving the flattery which he had anticipated.—"Yes, please your Majesty; and I trust that I shall prove it to your satisfaction. You will allow that the fourth climate is the finest on the earth."—"I do," said the Emperor.—"The province of Irak," continued the merchant, "is admitted to be the finest in that climate, and Isfahan is the first city in Irak. Now, Saadut-abad is undoubtedly superior to every other ward in Isfahan, and my house is the best in

Saadut-abad." The Emperor smiled, and approved both his logic and his patriotism.

It may be permitted to observe, that by the geography of the ancients, the only system known in Persia, the habitable earth is divided into seven climates.

([26]) Eternal Love! in Aden's bowers confest.

Stanza XXXIV. *line* 1.

Aden is the Eastern appellation of Eden.

THE RENEGADE.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

(1) Save softest line from beauty's pale
And dewy star which marks the vale.
Stanza IV. *lines* 5, 6.

In Edwards' account of Jamaica, it is stated that the planet Venus is so bright in that climate as to cast a perceptible shade.

(2) The bulbul wooes his favourite flower.
Stanza VI. *line* 8.

The loves of the nightingale and the rose are a favourite theme of Persian poetry.

(3) Breathe life and joy from Camdeo's bower.
Stanza VII. *line* 10.

According to Hindoo mythology, Camdeo is the God of Love.

(4) Blest art! by Fay or Peri taught.

Stanza VIII. *line* 1.

The art of conveying sentiments by flowers is mentioned by Lady Wortley Montague, who was well acquainted with the secrets of the Haram.

The Mahometans believe in the existence of a race of beings superior to man, who see into futurity, but are not immortal. These are of various denominations, Genii, Peri, Deo, Ghole, Tucween, &c.

(5) The basin's southern edge they passed,
Where rose the solid mustâbee.

Stanza XVIII. *lines* 1, 2.

At the south end of the Haram court is a square basin with jets d'eau, and close to it, upon a square tâbee, or platform, raised some feet, is built a small pavilion. In the middle of the mustâbee is frequently a small fountain, surrounded by a Mosaic pavement, which, being constantly wetted by the jet d'eau, displays a variety of splendid colours.

Abu Taleb.

(6) They passed the Haram's arched alcove.

Stanza XVIII. *line* 6.

Facing the basin is a lofty arched al kobbe (al-

cove), entirely open, painted, and having its roof finished in plain or gilt stucco; and if there be a breath of air stirring, it arrives scented by the Arabian jasmine, kennah (alcanna), and other fragrant plants growing in the shrubbery, or ranged in pots round the basin. *Abu Taleb.*

(7) As through the Kaah's spacious hall.

Stanza XIX. *line* 2.

The Kaah is a spacious hall, the pavement or attabee of which, under the dome, is marble.

Abu Taleb.

(8) Who love to hurl the light jereed.

Stanza XXI. *line* 3.

The jereed is a blunted stick about three feet long, which the Mussulmans hurl at each other, when on horseback, in mimic warfare. It is a violent, but favourite exercise.

THE RENEGADE.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

(1) Whose myriads, rushing from the hall
Of Eblis at their master's call,
Pile rock on rock.

Stanza I. *lines* 15, 16, 17.

The hall of Eblis, the evil spirit, is finely described in Vathek; and the building of a Devil's bridge is a common superstition in mountainous and romantic countries.

(2) Citals of dread from Azrael sent.

Stanza III. *line* 7.

Azrael is the angel of death.

(3) Eastward he turns — he points to Char-Bagh's spires.

Stanza XV. *line* 7.

The spire is said to have been first used by the fire-worshippers as the most appropriate emblem of flame, and is common in Persia.

(4) Teaching the pictured web to tell
By Ashraff's steel how Hussein fell.

Stanza XIX. *lines* 17, 18.

Embroidery is still practised as an amusement by women of rank in Persia, as in the ancient heroic times.

(5) " Tahmasp ! my Child ! my Son, my Son ! "

Stanza XX. *line* 24.

Tahmasp, on his return to Isfahan, was clasped to the bosom of an old woman, who called him her dear son. His mother had disguised herself as a slave when Mahmood took the capital, and had performed the lowest menial duties in the Haram for a period of seven years.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.

(6) There, where the stream the public bath supplies,
And Char-Bagh's domes and temples court the skies.

Stanza XXV. *lines* 17, 18.

Char-Bagh, or "Four Gardens," is an avenue of great beauty, adjoining to Abbas-abad, a magnificent suburb of Isfahan.

(7) Lost to thy race, my father and my king.

Stanza XXVIII. *line* 4.

No one who is blind can be King of Persia.

Hence arose the horrible and barbarous policy of frequently depriving of sight the males of the royal family, lest they should succeed to the throne.

MINOR POEMS.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE "ARTISTS' FUND," 1813.

I.

DEAR is the banner, streaming far,
To Valour's eye, when rapid War
Urges the fury of his car,
And conquer'd millions bow;
But dearer still the social sigh,
And social tear from Pity's eye,
Which mourn another's woe.

II.

The historic page and poet's song,
Triumphant over fate,
To many a distant age prolong
The memory of the good and great.

Yet would the hero, statesman, sage
Descend to every distant age,
Bereft of half their fame,
Did not the painter's, sculptor's art,
Memorial of the form impart,
And leave, to grace their name,
Each nobler feature Heaven bestow'd:
The eye where Freedom beam'd; the face
All-eloquent of mental grace—
The image of the God.

III.

Yet these must perish—these, to whom we owe
The haughty charm of Cæsar's brow,
And Pompey's mild majestic mien,
Shall shortly be no more;
For ever closed Life's chequer'd scene,
Their griefs forgotten, all their triumphs o'er!
Banner, nor trophies of the brave,
Adorn the Artist's humble grave,

To tell where unrequited lie
Conception, skill, and genius high:
No pomp demands the public tear;
No crowds attend the Artist's bier;
Nought but the Widow's, Orphan's cry,
And agony severe.

IV.

Can Charity be cold, when these,
The offspring of that generous band
Who knew by useful arts to please,
The pittance and the sigh demand?
Think, that the children of your love
Enjoy a father's care;
While these, perhaps, are doom'd to know
In youth extremity of woe,
Pain, penury, despair.
Oh! freely may your bounty give!
Bid Worth revive, and Genius live!

The deeds of Charity arise
Grateful as incense to the skies,
Enhancing every good to mortal given,
The balm of social life, the attribute of Heaven.

ENIGMA.

BLITHE Aphrodite, ever young,
Was fashion'd in the foam of sea;
Of purer crystal I am sprung,
And smoother streams have fashion'd me.

Cupid and I both bend our bows,
By Beauty's temples both recline;
He o'er his eyes a bandage throws;
A twofold lustre gleams from mine.

Like him, the fringed brow I seek,
And aid each lurking charm to spy;
Like him, I pillow on the cheek,
And nestle near the languid eye.

A quiver o'er his shoulder shines;
In glittering case my powers I hide;
In couples he the young confines;
In pairs a graver throng I guide.

Of him let headlong passions learn;
Philosophy learns much through me.
Can you not yet my name discern?
I 've help'd you, or I shall—to see.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Ah! where is she fled? to what region unknown?
The vision of rapture and youth,
Who beckon'd my earliest steps to her throne,
Who appear'd as the image of Truth?

The glance of that eye was as sparkling and bright
As the gem in the dewdrop of even;
Her tresses of gold, and her vesture of light
Were dipp'd in the colours of Heaven.

In the fanciful wreath, with her beauties which vied,
Bloom'd lily, carnation, and rose;
Her step was the step of a queen in her pride,
Her smile the soft smile of repose.

I sought her with Fashion in dome-cover'd towers
Where music and minstrelsy reign;
I sought her with Wealth amid Revelry's bowers—
Shall I ever behold her again?

I sought her in vain in the ivy-crown'd seat
Of the high-born, the brave, and the gay;
I sought her in vain in the learned retreat—
She is vanish'd for ever away!

Ah! where is she fled? to what region unknown?
The vision of rapture and youth,
Who beckon'd my earliest steps to her throne,
Who deceived with the semblance of Truth?

Behold through the long crowded vista of Time
New forms and new glories arise!
That vista, which leads to the soul's native clime:
They marshal me on to the skies.

Not Pleasure presides, with her transient delights,
In the colours of fancy array'd:
A calmer, a holier Spirit invites,
Eternal, and never to fade.

She shews me a path, which the feverish slave
Of Fashion or Wealth never trod;
Through afflictions she leads to the gates of the grave,
Through the portals of Death to her God.

1827.

SEQUEL

TO MR. BAYLEY'S "ISLE OF BEAUTY."

On leaving England, 23 July, 1829.

O'ER the dim and distant mountain
Faintly gleams the morning light,
Far from wood, and vale, and fountain,
Chasing slow the shades of night;
Fondly on the verge of ocean
Strives my aching eye to dwell;
Object of my heart's emotion,
Sainted spirit! fare thee well!

Fare ye well! ye scenes of duty,
Where with her I loved to stray!
Fare thee well! thou isle of beauty!
Cherish'd bowers of yesterday!

Glades from you remembrance borrows,
  Where with her I sigh to dwell;
Partner of my joys and sorrows,
  Best and dearest; fare thee well!

On the lowly drooping willow
  Hangs the minstrel's harp alone;
Sweeping wildly o'er the billow
  Sighs the wind with solemn moan:
These, a sacred grief imparting,
  Sound in fancy's ear thy knell,
Greeting thus the soul's departing,
  Sainted spirit! fare thee well!

1829.

THE SABBATH.

"All the Earth sitteth still, and is at rest."

ZECHARIAH.

THE morn, in robes of crimson drest,
Breathes joy and incense in the gale;
All hail, the risen Saviour's rest!
Blest dawning of the Sabbath, hail!

The matin bell hath toll'd to prayer;
And millions in his courts attend
Who snatch'd the rebel from despair;
The lowly's guest, the contrite's friend.

The Sabbath eve to holiest thought
Invites the soul, when day retires;
For He, who man's redemption wrought,
Still speaks in night's resplendent fires.

Thou, by whose word call'd forth, each sphere
Instant from chaos sprang to light,
Still may my voice thy whispers hear,
And save, oh! save, from Error's night!

Thy harbinger of peace and love
Be each returning morn to me;
Till my freed spirit find above
The Sabbath of the soul—in Thee.

Creator, Judge, Redeemer, King!
On all, in all, thy grace bestow;
Till all thy endless praises sing,
Unstain'd with guilt, unscath'd by woe.

20 Nov. 1831.

ON HEARING MUSIC.

" I 'm never very merry when I hear sweet music."

JESSICA.

THAT strain recall'd some happier hour
To faint and fleeting memory lost,
While wrapp'd by Music's hidden power,
My fancy wander'd tempest-toss'd.
And can it be, that scenes of bliss
In worlds and systems long gone by,
Dimmer than shadows, visit this,
To hint the soul's eternity?

When adoration swells the choir,
Borne on the organ's solemn sound,
To Heaven my trembling thoughts aspire,
Visions of glory gathering round:
When Beauty moves to notes of joy,
And Pleasure's pageant courts the eye,
What deepening glooms my mind employ,
Oppressing Man's mortality!

These feet Affliction's path have trod;
This heart from prime is sorrow's prey,
Bow'd to that sharp and chastening rod
The mightiest feel, the good obey.
Yet, would I change this wayward heart
For toys by wealth and grandeur given?
The sternest moods some charm impart;
Religion soars through clouds to Heaven.

Whate'er I was, whate'er to be,
A few short years the doubt must end;
Then may I, dress'd in mercy, see
Thy face, my best, my firmest Friend.
Recks not, till then, if thickest gloom
Inwrap, or sunbeams round me shine;
Be pleasure, Lord, the worldling's doom!
Thy chastenings, King of Kings, be mine!

21 Nov. 1831.

ON DEATH.

"Deathless principle, arise!"—TOPLADY.

I.

AWAKE! arise! on Seraph's wing
My struggling soul, ascend;
And seek, where loud hosannas ring,
Thy last and only friend.

II.

Can this be Death, whose icy chains
My torpid members bind?
Whose poison creeps through all my veins,
Yet leaves no sting behind?

III.

Can this be Death, whose terrors bring
Such wounds to earthly pride?
That Death, my soul, hath lost his sting
Since He, the sinless, died.

IV.

Hell's portals open on my sight,
Whose yawning gulphs below
Sink deep to realms of endless night,
Resounding endless woe.

V.

Wash'd in the stream of blood divine,
Of Him, who died to save,
Thy panoply, my soul, shall shine
Triumphant o'er the grave.

VI.

Awake! arise! on Seraph's wing
O'er Death and Hell ascend;
And seek, where loud hosannas ring,
Thy last Almighty Friend.

27 Nov. 1831.

TO E. M. B.

THOUGH the white cliffs of Albin are hid from thine eye,
Be the land of thy birth still recall'd with a sigh;
For clipp'd in by the waves of the foam-rolling sea,
Here are warm hearts which beat, dearest Ellen, for thee.

With mingled emotions of joy and regret
How oft hast thou gazed on the sun in his set;
From the shores of the Gaul when his splendours depart,
He beams a last smile on the land of thy heart.

Like his be thy course; o'er thy Life's cheerful day
May the light clouds of Sorrow fleet swiftly away;
Late, like him, mayst thou set beneath gold-fringed skies,
And but sink into darkness, in glory to rise.

22 Nov. 1831.

LA CHASSE.

I.

O'ER ocean and mountain, by copse-wood and fountain,
Why slumbers the breeze which should usher the morn?
What freak unbeseeming can Harold be dreaming,
When grove, hill, and valley should echo his horn?

HAROLD.

Where the streamlet is flowing, the roses are blowing,
And the dawn has awaken'd the shrill chanticleer;
From my bed I am rising, idle slumber despising—
The delight of my life is to follow the deer.

II.

The breeze in its lightness, the sun in his brightness,
Are fanning the flow'ret, and gilding the billow;
Can Harold be staying, and fondly delaying,
To sigh with the streamlet, and weep with the willow?

HAROLD.

While the lover is crying, and ogling, and sighing,
And bewildering his life for a smile or a tear;
Rosy health I am wooing, over fences pursuing—
The delight of my life is to follow the deer.

III.

The sun is declining, the epicure dining,
The goblet is brimming and courting the lip;
A fig for the laggard, though weary and haggard,
Who prefers to good fellows the crack of his whip.

HAROLD.

While the goblet is brimming, the fallow-deer swimming
Has left horses, and huntsman, and dogs in the rear;
But a truce to all sorrow, we have him to-morrow—
The delight of my life is to follow the deer.

LINES

WRITTEN AT NEWNHAM, 21 MAY, 1832.

THE Hours their richest treasures bring
To deck the teeming ground;
And earliest breath of new-born Spring
Is wafting incense round.

The tear, which starts to Beauty's eye,
Is keenness of delight;
For Pleasure prompts her warmest sigh,
And dims the fainting sight.

Yet the lone bird, from yonder glade,
Whose notes untutor'd flow,
Bids soften'd tones that breast pervade
Which feels, or mourns for woe.

Oh ! ever thus, in Pleasure's bower,
Though Health and Youth appear,
Some fond regret instils its power—
Some grief demands a tear.

TO THE FLOWER OF THE GUMCISTUS.

Budding with the morning ray,
Doom'd with set of sun to fade,
Tenant of a summer's day,
Emblem of the lovelier maid:
Brief like thine is Pleasure's sway,
Brief is Beauty's holiday.

In thy fragile glories speak
Maiden's purest, richest glow;
Here the crimson of her cheek,
Imaged there her forehead's snow:
And rich, and pure, and frail as they,
The petals shiver'd yesterday.

Short the triumph of thy bloom:
All things bright must fade, like thee!
What charmed spark shall re-illume
Thy remnants of mortality?

We mourn their wasted sweets in vain;
No sigh can bid them breathe again.

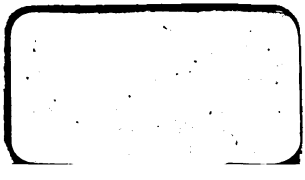
But woman's noblest triumphs last
When health, and youth, and bloom decay;
Live, when her spring of joy is past,
Nor fleet, with summer's gifts, away:
Still fresh in memory's stores we find
The spell—the magic of her mind.

As fades the rose, yet breathes around
The fragrance of its earliest prime;
The charms of woman's heart abound
Ripe as in youth, untouch'd by Time.
Is not each beam of soul a gem
Treasured in Beauty's diadem?

19 July, 1832.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

By the same Author,

SIXTEEN SERMONS on PRACTICAL and DOCTRINAL SUBJECTS. Price 8*s*.

WINTER EVENINGS AT COLLEGE: a Description of the Manners, Customs, Public Institutions, Religion, and Mysteries, &c. of the ANCIENT GREEKS; a short Account of the State of Modern Greece; and Reflections on the Revolutions of Empires. With a frontispiece. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. half bound, 18mo.